THE VICTORIAN 1945

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THE VICTORIAN 1945

Academy of

St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines

Asheville, North Carolina

"And the broad arching portals
of the grove
Welcome thy entering."

—*Bryant.*

C372
S191
1965

DEDICATION

We affectionately dedicate this Victorian to Mother Naomi Mouquet in honor of her Golden Jubilee and her long years of devoted service. Mother Mouquet is as much a part of St. Genevieve's as the tower and the pines, and she will always be close to our hearts.

Gift, Mss. Dept., Gail Godwin Papers

THE VICTORIAN STAFF

Editor-in-chief ..... BENN EDNEY

Assistant editor ..... ALDA HEYKOOP

Business manager ..... JOAN FERREY

Associate editors ..... { BETSY WINN / RUTH MCCANN

Social editor ..... SARA HENDRIX

Sport editor ..... PEGGY LEES

Humor editor ..... RUTH ANN WALLACE

Circulation manager ..... LUCIA VALLEJO

SENIORITAS

SARA HENDRIX
President

dimples . . . ahoy! . . . pinafore

To our capable president we owe much; not only has she guided us through our senior year successfully but also she has set a constant goal with the necessary understanding guidance and her unsurpassable judgment. Sara's bright smile, willing cooperation, and loyalty will certainly help her attain all her ambitions.

Class treasurer '43; class vice-president '44; class president '45; Trait d'Union '42, '43; vice-president '44, '45; Glee Club '42, president '45; Pineers '42, '43, treasurer '44, secretary '45; basketball '42, '43, '44, '45; softball '44, captain '45; shuffleboard champion '44; teniquoit '42, '43; Christmas play '45; spring play '45; Valentine Court '44, Queen '45; debate '45; social editor *Victorian* '45; school spirit '44; Red Ribbon '42; Yellow Ribbon '44.

LUCIA VALLEJO
Vice-President

Pan-American . . . lace fan . . . gardenias

A touch of spice, a rare tropical flower, scintillating eyes, and a bronze-headed graceful girl could be none other than the one who has contributed dignity and poise to our class—Lucia. Her mature sense of responsibility has made her an excellent class officer.

Class secretary '44; class vice-president '45; Sodality '42, '43, vice-president '44, treasurer '45; Trait d'Union '42, '43; Glee Club '42, '43; Las Amigas '45; circulation manager *Victorian* '45; basketball '43, '44, '45; Valentine Court '44, King '45; Yellow Ribbon '42, '44; Christmas play '45.

AUDREY AMES

puns . . . kitten . . . Pollyanna

Audrey's solemnity contributes the calming effect on our over-abundant levity. Aud's petite stature should not deceive anyone of the magnanimity of her personality, and her excellent judgment usually finds its way into constructive channels.

Entered September 1943; Sodality '44, '45; Trait d'Union '44, '45; SPQR '45; Quaetor '45; Glee Club '44, '45; Pineers '44, '45; basketball '44; softball '44, '45; Valentine Court '45; Christmas play '45.

BENN EDNEY

pansy . . . Ethel Barrymore . . . lemonade

Benn's capability gets things done—to wit—the ads and the yearbook. She's generous, cooperative, and competent with a dash of independence. Her little analyses are quite a concoction of surprises, but then that's Benn.

Class vice-president '42; Trait d'Union '42, '43, '44, '45; Glee Club '42, '43; Pineers '42, '43, '44, '45; editor-in-chief *Victorian* '45; basketball '42, '43, '44; Valentine Court '45; debate '45.

JOAN FERREY

sea mews . . . sox . . . teddybear

Joan has the unseen strength which gives the class ambition, ingenuity, and energy. Her gay facade and clever sense of humor is only hiding her sincerity and unselfish desire for the success of the class.

Entered September 1942; class secretary '45; Sodality '42, '43, '44; secretary '45; Pineers '43, '44, '45; Trait d'Union '43; Glee Club '43, '44; secretary '45; business manager *Victorian* '45; Yellow Ribbon '44; debate '45; softball '45.

GERTRUDE HENRY

"daid" . . . southeast . . . hearts

Gert's frankness, sincerity, sense of humor, and deep voice are appreciated (passive voice) by the class as much as a fudge sundae with whipped cream and nuts and a cherry, too. Gert always brings to mind true friendship and a profound loyalty.

Entered September 1943; Sodality '44, '45; Pineers '44, '45; Christmas play '45.

ALDA HEYKOOP

yellow tulip . . . white tiles . . . cut glass

Congeniality and approachability make Alda an outstanding member of our class. The fulfillment of her aims reflects her self-developed determination and distinguished ability. Her success results from her reliability and easy-going philosophy.

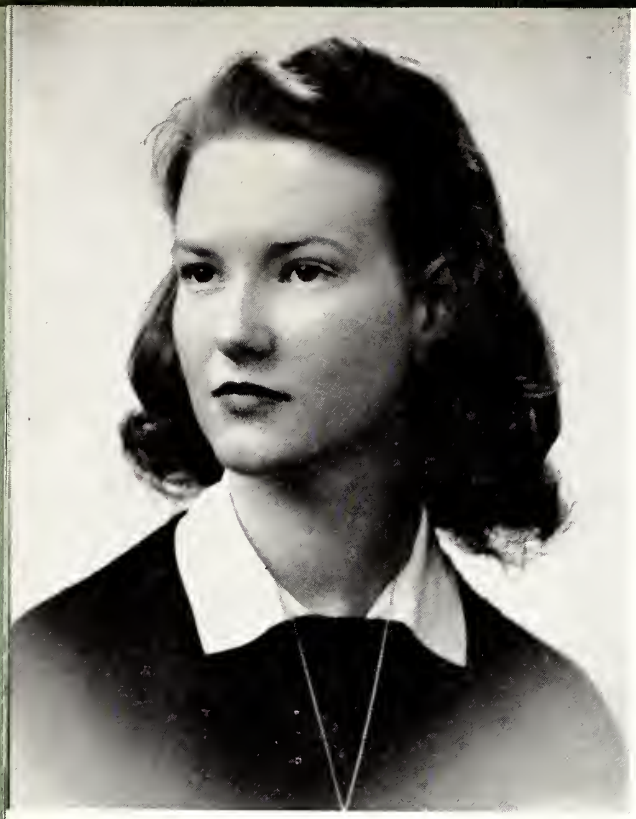
Class vice-president '43; class treasurer '44; Pineers '42, '43, '44, '45; Trait d'Union '42, '43, '44, '45; Glee Club '42, '45; assistant editor *Victorian* '45; Red Ribbon '42; Yellow Ribbon '44; spring play '44; Christmas play '43, '45; debate '45.

PEGGY LEES

impish . . . multiplication . . . ? ! ! !

A certain penetration and an inquiring flare dot the i's on Peggy. Her happy spontaneity and manufactured "mountains" certainly are contradictory, but her natural zest for living is the exclamation point in a Lees sentence.

Trait d'Union '42, '43, '44, '45; Glee Club '42, '43; Pineers '42, '43, '44, '45; sport editor *Victorian* '45; basketball '43, '44, '45; softball '45; Red Ribbon '42; debate '45; teniquoit '42, '43.



SARAH LENOX

cool breeze . . . crystal . . . leaves

Compatibility and the unselfish understanding of her fellow students make Sarah "a vital element in our mixture." Her delicate consideration and vague sense of uncertainty are a charming addition to her cocked eyebrow and brief nod accentuated with a little interior hum.

Entered September 1942; Trait d'Union '43, '44; Glee Club '44, '45; Pineers '44, '45.

HENRIETTA MILLNER

Madame Dubarry . . . reverse . . . peachtree

To Hen goes our thanks for four years of helpfulness, encouragement, and generosity. When she is involved in an activity she puts her whole heart and enthusiasm into it. To the simplest kindness she responds with unlimited gratitude and she is "the eyes and ears" of the class.

Trait d'Union '42, '43, '45; Glee Club '42; Pineers '42, '43, '44 ,'45; basketball '44, '45; teniquoit '42, '43; Valentine Court '43; stage manager Christmas play '45; stage manager spring play '44.

RUTH McCANN

ebony . . . clouds . . . "you"

We will always recognize Ruth by her droll, dry humor, calmness, patience, and accurate stick figures. Ruth ads the evenness of temperament which balances our class. Her hidden talents and blood pressure soothe us as an oasis in a desert.

Class historian '42, '43, '44, '45; Sodality '42, '43, '44, '45; Trait d'Union '42, '43; Glee Club '42, '45; treasurer Club Las Amigas '45; Pineers '42, '43, '44, '45; associate editor *Victorian* '45; basketball '42, '43, '44, captain '45; softball '44, sub-captain '45; teniquoit '42, captain '43; Yellow Ribbon '42.

RUTH ANN WALLACE

inquest . . . feathers . . . footlights

"Morbid" as she might seem we all know that Ann's friendliness and cooperation reveal her naturalness. Her talents are ever an unlimited aid in every class participation.

Pineers '42, '43, '44, '45; Glee Club '45; Trait d'Union '45; humor editor *Victorian* '45; softball '45; spring play '45.

EVELYN WILLOUGHBY

"muddy" . . . Army . . . round peg

Although we haven't known Evelyn long we consider her an old-timer. We are certain her adaptability will assure her popularity wherever she goes. We feel that we have gained in our midst not only a magnetic personality but also a true artist.

Entered March 1945. Pineers '45; stage manager spring play '45.

BETSY WINN

bangs . . . headlines . . . a-a-a-a-a-k

With a slight suggestion of the Orient, we think of Betsy. Her polished manner, charming attitude, and tactful approach fit perfectly with her colorful background of the Philippines. Betsy is originality and poise personified.

Entered September 1944; class treasurer '45; Sodality '45; Pineers treasurer '45; associate editor *Victorian* '45; basketball '45; softball '45; Christmas play '45; debate '45; spring play '45.

GALAXY

Class History

GREEN FRESHMEN

New methods, new subjects, new girls . . . You need fingernails for basketball . . . stitches in and out of sewing class . . . Eola's oral compositions . . . teniquoit champions . . . "The Little Minister" . . . Miss McCormick's 4, 5, 6, pick-up-sticks dress . . . candlelight service . . . "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" . . . First Aid . . . RIght NIce SLIce . . . "White Cliffs of Dover" . . . wearing lipstick . . . "Tale of Two Cities" . . . art monstrosities . . . fresh air fiends . . . Pearl falls off the stage . . . Teacher Hartshorne in student activity . . . exchange of shoes . . . the race to the cafeteria . . . Katherine in the wheelbarrow and with molasses, too . . . Peggy faces front . . . black-out . . . ten Freshmen and a bulging closet . . . Maypole dance . . . balloons go soaring . . . Miss Sullivan and tipped-over paint pans . . . Little Boy Blues are we . . . b-a-a-a-a-a . . . Commencement . . . lanterns along the highway of life . . . tottering benches . . . first year gone . . .

SPROUTING SOPHOMORES

Comes another year . . . Reverend Mother Jannin . . . scrap drive . . . 76,820 pounds . . . "Make Room for Rodney" . . . "I have here a wonderful insurance policy" . . . that snake . . . "Mo" . . . Haase blossoms . . . recess and Latin translations . . . "Ivanhoe" . . . that shade! . . . "Friends, Romans, and countrymen" . . . graph-paper girls . . . "Round the Clock with Clare" . . . Reverend Mother's jubilee song plus an algebra test . . . "Star Dust" . . . Valentine party . . . Jester Henrietta . . . "freeze" . . . navy scarves . . . the sophomore's porch . . . Mother Fitzgerald's weekly quizzes . . . "paytent" leather . . . Sophomore picnic . . . fried chicken . . . WE WIN FIELD DAY . . . victory picnic at the hill . . . Commencement . . . "In '76 the sky was red" . . . Nearer . . .

BUDDING JUNIORS

Same classroom . . . boomelay, boomelay, boomelay, boom . . . "Kenilworth"—not the drugstore . . . minstrel show???? . . . do all Pennsylvania towns sink? . . . our new bell . . . we choose our rings . . . pansies . . . the Pentagon and suicide . . . ping-pong and Muriel again . . . biology lab in the rain at night . . . popping bags in the cafeteria . . . Alice has difficulty in staying on the platform . . . third period English . . . out please, Gertrude . . . selling bonds . . . citations . . . dentist appointments and double zeros . . . rabbits and still more rabbits . . . "What's on your chest? Bob?" . . . Halloween party . . . photobooth . . . strum-m-m-m . . . good-by ology . . . look at the bee-oo-tiful slip I made . . . Peggy, pulise take your red pencil out of that frog . . . pictures for the *Victorian* . . . Junior-Senior Rationing Banquet . . . Juniors, Juniors Quite Contrary . . . rabbits, ducks, flowers, children . . . Commencement . . . "Sounds just a bit like tall corn blowing before a night wind in Iowa" . . . Almost there . . .

BLOOMING SENIORS

A new classroom . . . Southern Plantation Ball . . . spotlight . . . privileges . . . Nathan . . . "I'm a scientist" . . . 1, 2, 3, books closed . . . Roosevelt or Dewey? . . . student government . . . nature study in chemistry . . . our new neighbors, the AG & SF . . . Miss Uprichard's first and last visit to chemistry class . . . those arguments in economics . . . Laetitia's birfday present to Mother Potts . . . "All hail, Gaspar" . . . Valentine Dance . . . the king got drafted . . . "Oh Dorothy" . . . boarders in the cafeteria . . . puns and buns . . . a-a-a-a-a-k . . . crew hats arrive . . . Senior Radio *Reader's Digest* . . . Conrada Nagel . . . bong bong bong . . . that mysterious hand in French . . . goofy presents . . . "Who's first today?" . . . we change our names . . . "Alda, I want some soap" . . . infantry pin . . . "What *did* happen to Theodosia Burr?" . . . VAN!!!!!! . . . basketball and those guards . . . poor Joe, he is but glue now . . . application blanks . . . The Pine Tree Club starts . . . glossy prints . . . debate . . . Resolved, that there *should* be one year of compulsory military training . . . Paschal departs this life . . . Laetitia is a widow . . . National Honor Society reception . . . "A Dish of China Tea" and "The Summons of Sariel" . . . the new desk chairs . . . "Henry Esmond" . . . quote and unquote . . . National Barn Dance . . . the Freshman tea dance . . . the Sophomore picnic . . . the Junior luncheon . . . the alumnae party . . . the faculty tea . . . Baccalaureate . . . Commencement . . . and farewell to the class of '45 . . . . . .

JUNIOR CLASS

Colors: Crimson and silver *Flower*: Red rose

Motto: Never say die

President.....DOTTIE ANN MCALISTER

Vice-president.....ANNA JOHNSON

Secretary.....FRANCES WINN

Treasurer and historian.....RITA LOEB

Lynda Campbell	Rita Loeb
Polly Clark	Dottie Ann McAlister
Mary Dunwody	Nancy Norman
Anita Gilbert	Margaret Penny
Ruth Gill	Eleanor Pollard
Anna Johnson	Frances Winn

Class Will

We, the Class of 1945, realizing that the time when we must part is drawing near, do hereby endow and bequeath our following cherished possessions to all those who have befriended us through our many fortunate years at St. Genevieve's.

To the Juniors, our classroom with our private bath, our fire escape, and our senior privileges.

To the Sophomores, our sister class, our corner banquet table in the lunch room.

To the Freshmen, we bequeath our last year's Field Day animals.

The sociology students leave their debate on Nurture versus Nature to the sociology class of next year in hope that they will reach some decision.

The winners of the debate leave their seats at the Pack Memorial Library to next year's debaters.

We, the following, do hereby make these individual bequests:

I, Audrey Ames, leave my red, white, and blue striped pajamas to Dottie McAlister and my frivolity to Bella Bouhuys. The pajamas carry the stipulation that they must be handed down to another Junior boarder and thus carry on the four-year tradition.

I, Benn Edney, pass my purple slippers to Lynda Campbell and my simplicity to Anne Brierley.

I, Joan Ferrey, bequeath my plaid sox to Helen Wheatley and my sophistication to Josephine Weiss.

I, Sara Hendrix, transfer my glasses to Lucy Griffith and my boldness to Paula Boling.

I, Gertrude Henry, relegate my neat notebook to Mildred Matthews and my high soprano voice to Ellen Weaver.

I, Alda Heykoop, give my pencil case to Carol Pittman and my athletic ability to Celia Warren.

I, Peggy Lees, endow my chemistry book to Polly Clark and my chattering to Barbara Byrd.

I, Sarah Lenox, convey my speller to Ietje van Dobbenburgh and my boisterousness to Jeanette Warren.

I, Henrietta Millner, leave my "Evening in Paris" to Martha Rose Kalil and my drawing ability to ACK.

I, Ruth McCann, relegate my flower to Frances Clark and my speed to Rita Loeb.

I, Lucia Vallejo, give my picture hat to Eleanor Pollard and my nonchalance to Louise Robbins.

I, Ruth Ann Wallace, will my saddle oxfords to Mary Jane Ingle and my boyishness to Carol Pittman.

I, Evelyn Willoughby, bequeath my sun tan to Barbara Crow and my shyness to the Lopezes.

I, Betsy Winn, convey my peroxide to Anne Evans and my dramatic ability to Mary Orr Riddick.

In witness whereof we have herewith subscribed our signature.

THE SENIORS.

This was published and declared by the said testators to be their last will and testament, in the presence of us who, at their request have subscribed our names thereto as witnesses, in their presence and in the presence of each other.

DOTTIE ANN MCALISTER.
ANNA JOHNSON.

SOPOHOMORE CLASS

Colors: Crimson and blue *Flower*: Rose

Motto: Christo et patriae

President.....MARILYN BLOMBERG
Vice-president.....DOLLY LOUGHRAN
Secretary.....MILDRED MATTHEWS
Treasurer.....ANNE EVANS
Historian.....MARY COPENHAVER

Priscilla Arrowood
Marilyn Blomberg
Paula Boling
Bella Bouhuys
Anne Brierley
Frances Clark
Mary Copenhaver
Betty Rose Davis
Ietje van Dobbenburgh
Mary Catherine English
Anne Evans
Ann Gillenwaters
Betty Ann Hahn
Mary Jane Ingle
Peggy Jansen
Alice Campbell King
Dolly Loughran
Mildred Matthews
Patsy Meehan
Pat Miller
Edith Redwood
Joy Riggle
Celia Vallejo
Josephine Weiss
June Young

As You Were, Mother! As You Were!

Class Prophecy

Oh, dear! How I hate rainy days! Especially in vacations when I have no sweet little children around to talk of and to look after. I think I'll glance over the files of the Class of '45. Maybe that will help me recall the jolly times I had when I was in school. How long ago that was! Twenty-five years!

Let me see—why here is my roommate's name on top—Audrey Ames. She was a sweet little thing. It's certainly too bad about that cruel husband she had. Why, I actually heard he used to beat her for being so untidy. Ah, well. The poor child is happy now. She went just as she wanted to—fell off a horse one day and broke her neck—God rest her soul! And here's Benn. I hear her orphan asylum is a big success. I thought it was noble of her to invest all the money her late husband, Lord of someplace, left her in a home for motherless and fatherless children. I always knew Benn had a heart of gold.

H-m-m-m—Joan Ferrey, class secretary, it says. Little did we suspect that one day the girl who kept our homework from day to day would wind up in the White House being secretary to the President. I hear rumors that the President takes out fifteen minutes from his work every day and just sits back and has a laughing good time over Joan's jokes. She always was a humorous person. Why, here is my own name. Who would have believed that I, of all people, should have become a convert? But that I did. Now I am even Mother Hendrix and am in dear Mother Potts's place as Directress of the Academy.

Next is the heroine of our class—Gertrude Henry. That courageous girl joined the Nurse Cadet Corps in World War II, and the poor thing fell overboard on the way overseas. It's too bad they were never able to rescue her. Now here is Alda. Who would have believed that Alda would have committed suicide? She did, just because of the low grades she made at Duke. Poor child, but now she is six feet under her beloved town, Enka. Sarah Lenox, they say, sits all day making daisy chains and arranging them artistically over her grave. Dear Sarah always was a sympathetic soul.

Here is Henrietta's name. It was a mystery to everyone why Hen abandoned Atlanta and came to Asheville with her husband and five children. It must have been for the health of her sick husband. Hen is certainly a good wife for him. She never leaves his side for fear he will need something and will not be able to get it for himself. Ruth McCann and Peggy Lees . . . those two really turned out to be the career women of our class. Their McCann & Lees, Incorporated, pencil shop has made them well known all over the country. Ruth sells the pencils and Peggy in her private office explains patiently to the customers how the pencils are made and the proper way to use them. Exciting life!

And here is the artist of our class—Ruth Ann. Someone was telling me just last week that Ruth Ann now walks the streets begging people to let her draw their silhouettes free. If they refuse she throws paint all over them. She must have acquired that devilish trait from a play she was in once—"The Summons of Sariel."

Goodness, I'm almost at the end of the pile. Just three more . . . Evelyn, Betsy Winn, and Lucia Vallejo. It's too bad about Betsy. She was such a promising girl and then for her to end up a maniac. It happened just after she abandoned the Army and married a Navy boy. She couldn't make her Army-disciplined life fit in with the Navy and went crazy in the process of trying. They say she goes around part of the time dodging behind buildings saying, "A-a-a-a-a-k!!" And the rest of the time she can be heard to say, "Ship ahoy! Heave ho! Anchors a-weigh!" Too bad Evelyn Willoughby, who is now an admiral in the WAVES, couldn't do something for Betsy's case. Evelyn would understand!

Now last but not least, Lucia. Lucia, as I, joined the convent, but she progressed much faster than I since she is now Reverend Mother Vallejo, and a good one she makes, too. Which reminds me Reverend Mother asked me to take notes for her this afternoon on the book she is writing on "Relations with South America." So I must away from my girlhood memories.

SARA HENDRIX.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Colors: Green and white *Flower*: Rose

Motto: To the stars through difficulties

President.....FRANCES REDMOND
Vice-president.....CAROL EDGERTON
Secretary.....PEGGY SPEAS
Treasurer.....MARY ELIZABETH SMITH
Historian.....MARGUERITE GUILKA

Marjorie Bramlett
Patricia Brown
Barbara Byrd
Barbara Crow
Carol Edgerton
Gene Edgerton
Betty Elias
Lucy Griffith
Marguerite Guilka
Therese Guilka
Dorothy Hopkins
Martha Rose Kalil
Evangeline Lopez
Martha Lopez
Barbara McConnell
Billie Jane Mills
Diane Orr
Carol Pittman
Frances Redmond
Mary Orr Riddick
Louise Robbins
Joyce Roberts
Mary Elizabeth Smith
Peggy Speas
Sally Sumner
Celia Warren
Jeanette Warren
Ellen Weaver
Helen Wheatley

Twilight Witchery

Twilight is a time of magic. The sun is drawn unwillingly behind the mountains by a ghostly hand that wants this world to be in darkness. Fairies tug at the shadows until they are drawn together and then fasten them securely so that every inch of the earth is covered by a sombre darkness.

Little animals scurry away as if frightened by the disappearance of the sun. Birds fly to their nests and nestle against the soft down of their homes. A trilling song is heard, lending peace and enchantment to the quiet scene. It seems to be a bird's lullaby for it goes softly on, becoming more beautiful with every note until at last it dies away.

Flowers close their tired petals for they become weary, standing all day, nodding and bowing to all who pass. The trees wave good night to each other and then their branches begin to droop, for they too are tired.

At last as a fitting end to this beautiful scene, the moon appears, drawing behind her the star-studded blanket of night.

ALDA HEYKOOP, 45.

Flames

Gay, dancing flames,
You hold a magic
In your ruddy glow.
Magic of the woodland
At night;
Magic of the tiny specks
Of light,
The stars, which have
In them a magic, too.
Flickering flames,
You cast a warmth that
Gives the weary world
New hope and love.
Your magic lights the
Eyes of little children,
The homely hearth,
The aching heart.
Leaping flames,
Your magic is a spark
Of God.

ALICE CAMPBELL KING, '47.
Honorable Mention in National Anthology, 1945

This Year, Spring

To what purpose, Spring, do you return again?
To bring your beauty—delicate to sight and smell?
To flood the earth with miracles of God?
This is not enough.
Not now.
The interest of the world today
Lies not in life or beauty or preservation,
But in death and destruction.
And agonizing screams of pain.
Not only after death
Does the mind of man decay.
Earth is overflowing
With the evil and gluttonous desires of wicked men.
This year, Spring,
You must fill the air
Not only with birds and rains and seed,
But with a hope, a love, a fear:
A hope for resurrection of the world,
A deep understanding love of fellow men,
And a sincere spiritual fear of God.

BENN EDNEY, '45.

God's Greatness

The ocean lapped lazily
At the jagged rocks.
Occasionally from its blue depth
Sprang a white cap, and then dispersing
Its spray would mingle in the slight breeze
And form a mist to sprinkle a minute pattern on the sea.
From the vastness a flying fish
Would dart and dive
Seemingly to tease the rolling breaker that swallowed it,
But only to appear again . . . a white speck far out.
Against the brilliant gold and crimson haze of the sunset
A small set of white sails
Coursed its way through the ocean,
Cutting a path that gradually enveloped itself.
A fleecy white cloud would float overhead
Like a slight puff of smoke.
As the cool mist breezed against me
My soul felt cleansed and free,
And I gazed into God's greatness.

BETSY WINN, '45.

STUDENT COUNCIL

OF THE

ACADEMY STUDENT GOVERNMENT

President.....SARA HENDRIX
Vice-president.....LUCIA VALLEJO
Secretary.....JOAN FERREY
Treasurer.....BETSY WINN
Junior president.....DOTTIE MCALISTER
Junior vice-president.....ANNA JOHNSON
Sophomore president.....MARILYN BLOMBERG
Sophomore vice-president.....DOLLY LOUGHRAN
Freshman president.....FRANCES REDMOND
Freshman vice-president.....CAROL EDGERTON

Goodbye

I looked at Daddy. He was leaning comfortably back in his chair, his legs crossed, smoking a cigarette. Charlie McCarthy was on the radio; it was Daddy's favorite program.

Mother was sitting on the couch, knitting. My sister was sitting with her.

The room was warm; the smoke from Daddy's cigarette made everything look hazy. My foot was asleep and I stood up so that circulation would start again. My throat was dry, so I went to the kitchen and drank some water.

The program was over when I returned. I sat down and tried to concentrate on a book. The letters jumped and squirmed before my eyes. My mind was dull and confused.

Music suddenly blared from the radio. I reached over and started turning the dial. My hand was very white and looked peculiar. I watched my fingers twist the knob, trying to think of something to say. Finally I turned off the radio and began to rock slowly.

Daddy stood up and said, "Well, I guess I'd better start to get things together."

I stood up, too, and began walking aimlessly about trying to get away from the tenseness that had been present ever since that morning. I sat down at the piano, my fingers mechanically began to move over the keys. The sounds were harsh and too loud.

Mother called and asked me to help her. As I went, I noticed it was getting dark outside. Soon everything was in the middle of the living room floor, the bags neatly standing side by side.

We sat down, but no one said much. A lamp was turned on and the curtains pulled. The dim light cast crazy shadows on the wall whenever anyone moved. About seven-thirty the door bell rang. It startled me and I jumped to answer. It was Daddy's driver.

Daddy put on his trench coat and helmet. We picked up his pack and a few small things. The driver took two bags and I took another. We all walked out talking too much, being very gay. Everything sounded flat. The air was sharp and chilly through my cotton blouse. A slight mist was falling.

The bags were hurriedly shoved into the back. Daddy turned and I was closest to him. I clung to him, trying to talk, but a cold lump froze in my throat and I could just smile. My sister was next and then Mother. I turned away and kicked at the dead leaves on the sidewalk.

We said goodbye to the driver as Daddy got in. He cramped his long legs up under him in the crowded back. The car started to move and I managed to smile and wave. As the car gathered speed, Daddy turned and waved through the back window. A second and he was gone—all too abruptly—all too quickly. The red glow of the tail light faded into the darkness and we turned to go back into the house. Ever present in my mind was that red glow, growing dimmer and fading slowly into the misty darkness. . . . . .

FRANCES WINN, '46.

Evening Peace

The sea is calm and still;
The gulls fly overhead and break the quiet
of the evening
By their shrill cries;
The waves wash upon the shores,
Leaving small ridges behind them.
I walk along the beach and, looking back,
See my footsteps making weird patterns
Among the ridges.
I feel the cool breeze on my forehead
And the wet sand beneath my feet.
I look out upon the waves,
The blue-green waves,
The never-ending waves,
That seem so dark and so foreboding;
I wonder if other seekers stand on other
shores,
And I wonder if they too have found their
God.

ALDA HEYKOOP, '45.

Published in National Anthology, 1945

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My Secret

I have a secret which
I tell to you.
It comes to you on
Bits of cloud
Blown by the wind.
The stars wink knowingly
And let it pass.
I've told it to the trees
And to the grass;
They whisper among themselves
About my love.
It is my love I send you on the cloud—
A love more dear to me
Than all the world,
A love more sweet than flowers
Bloomed in May.
This love is for you only,
You alone.
It's yours forever
Till the ends of Time.

RUTH ANN WALLACE. '45.
Honorable Mention in the National Anthology 1945

X Marks the Spot

The moon lighted up the landscape bright enough for the bombardier to distinguish clearly the mosaic picture of the city below. The pilot had given his last minute instructions to the crew, the gun positions were all open, and every man was at his station. The navigator was busily measuring courses and headings, making positive that there had been no mistake in the navigation.

The bombey doors silently unfolded and the density of the night filled the ship and furthered the anxiety of the crew. The pilot gave the order to "stand by" and the ghostly dreadnaught of the skies held true on its course toward the target.

For two years these ten men had worked, loved, and cried together. And this was their first opportunity to fulfill one of the highest hopes and ambitions that any flier can realize. They had trained for months in the art of recognizing silhouettes of figures that a layman could never distinguish at night. And now they were using this training to the utmost of their ability. This was the first target that to them had any personal value.

From the bombardier's compartment came the report that the objective was "dead ahead." All eyes strained through the blackness trying to distinguish the contour of the building, for which this mission had been designated. The bomber roared into its final approach. This was the first time they had been able to buzz Gertie's house—the girl friend of the second gunner.

BENN EDNEY, '45.

God's Work

As I walk down through a field of yellow-
browed wheat,
I reach the edge of a great green forest.
I stop and wonder at these mysteries and at
the beauty of
God who created these things.
And I slowly walk into the forest and see
The tall, straight pines tower over me.
I think how small I am in comparison with
them.
They are like the might and the glory of
God,
And I am a small tree beside them.
I can be crushed at the will of God's mind,
So these little trees if a giant tree should
fall.
As I walk deeper into the woods I find a
small pond.
Blue waters ripple at a small breeze from
the towering trees;
The pond is a mirror for the trees which
wave over it in superiority.
It casts its shadow black into the pond of
light,
As the shadow of the cross was cast upon
the world of man.

GERTRUDE HENRY, '45.
Honorable Mention in the National Anthology 1945

The River

Starting as a tiny streamlet,
Trickling lazily down brown pebbles,
And the minnows gaily playing,
Playing gaily in the sun.
Widening now is the streamlet,
Until it gushes as a river.
Man will use its strength and power,
Strength and power of the river.
Traveling faster is the water,
Rushing swiftly through the mountains,
Racing over rocks and boulders,
Over rocks and boulders racing.
Speeding! Crashing! Roaring! Shouting!
Thundering now and lowly sobbing,
Pushing! Spitting! Brimming! Foaming!
Upward! Onward! Never ceasing.
In a mighty last upheaval,
Raising, poising, deeply plunging,
Swiftly now! It is the climax!
God! Life! It is the climax!
And now calmer seems the turmoil,
More tranquil is the freshet,
Softer, sweeter is the music,
Grows the music softer, sweeter,
Once again it is a streamlet,
Trickling lazily down brown pebbles,
With the minnows gaily playing,
Playing gaily in the sun.

FRANCES WINN, '46.

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Ruth A. Wallace
Celia Warren
Jeanette Warren
Ellen Weaver
Josephine Weiss
Helen Wheatley
Evelyn Willoughby
Betsy Winn
Frances Winn
June Young

PERSONAL

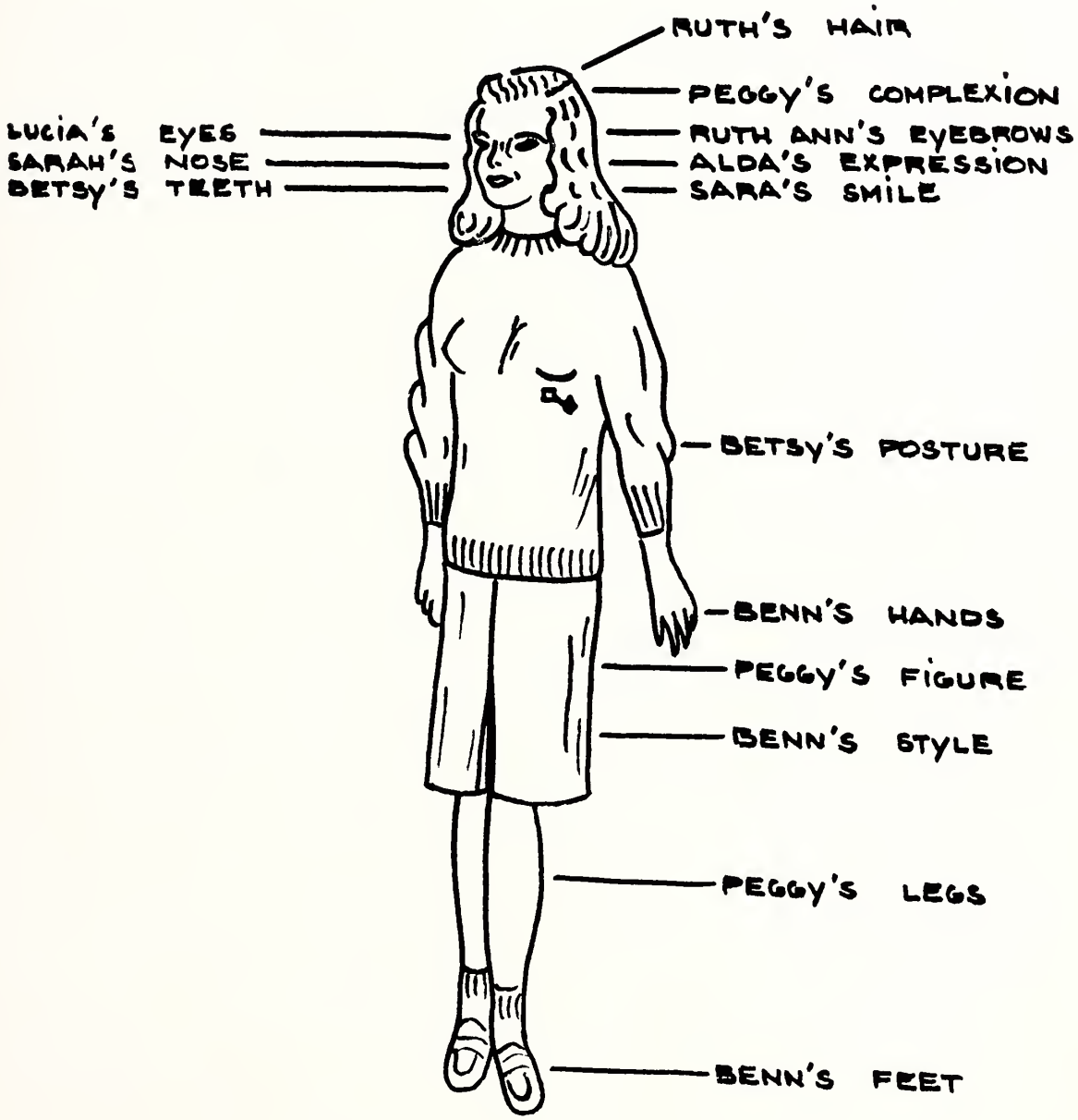
Superlatives

Most loyal_____Sara Hendrix
Most energetic_____The Warrens
Most original_____Martha Rose Kalil
Most reliable_____Joan Ferrey
Most sympathetic_____Priscilla Arrowood
Most considerate_____Frances Redmond
Most persevering_____Rita Loeb
Most cheerful_____Marilyn Blomberg
Most poised_____Benn Edney
Most capable_____Frances Winn
Most charitable_____Lucia Vallejo
Most enthusiastic_____Betsy Winn
Most complex_____Polly Clark
Prettiest_____Carol Edgerton
Daintiest_____Anne Brierley
Friendliest_____Alice C. King
Most attractive_____Gene Edgerton
Most gullible_____Betsy Winn
Most unaffected_____Patsy Meehan
Most generous_____Henrietta Millner
Most mischievous_____Frances Clark
Most refreshing_____Mary C. English
Most versatile_____Frances Winn
Most entertaining_____Gertrude Henry
Wittiest_____Joan Ferrey
Most athletic_____Polly and Dolly
Most observing_____Henrietta Millner
Most dramatic_____Mary Orr Riddick
Best sport_____Dolly Loughran
Most willing_____Rita Loeb
Most striking_____Frances Redmond
(propitious propaganda)
Most sophisticated_____Josephine Weiss
Best style_____Benn Edney
Most likely to succeed_____Alda Heykoop

SGP Hit Parade

"Little Old Lady"_____Audrey Ames
"Deep Purple"_____Benn Edney
"God Save the King"_____Joan Ferrey
"Robin Hood"_____Gertrude Henry
"Anchors A-Weigh"_____Sara Hendrix
"Little Dutch Garden"_____Alda Heykoop
"Scatterbrain"_____Peggy Lees
"Dark Eyes"_____Sarah Lenox
"Sonny Boy"_____Henrietta Millner
"Flash"_____Ruth McCann
"Little Sir Echo"_____Ruth Ann Wallace
"In a Little Spanish Town"_Lucia Vallejo
"This is the Army"___Evelyn Willoughby
"And Russia is Her Name"__Betsy Winn
"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"
Sophomore Class
"Just a Little Bit South of North Carolina"_____Dottie McAlister
"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"
Cooking outdoors
"Temptation"_____Sally Sumner
"The Last Time I Saw Paris"
Martha Rose Kalil
"Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen"
Senior Class
"I'll Walk Alone"_____Laetitia
"I'm Confessin'"_____Thursday night
"Billy Boy"_____Ruth Gill
"I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire"_____Cooking in the garage
"Shoo-Shoo Baby"____No. 3 Ration Stamp
"Moonlight Serenade"____Ask the Winns
"Bugle Call Rag"_____Across the street
"One O'Clock Jump"_____End of recess
"Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall"_____Straight hair
"There Goes That Song Again"
"One Meat Ball"
"Sunrise Serenade"_____Boarders
"I'll Be Around"
String on new desk chairs
"As Time Goes By"_____Study hall clock
"On the Verge"_____Two reports
"Accentuate the Positive"
Convoy to Spartanburg
"Oh, Look at Me Now"
Rosie's new blue sweater
"Holiday for Strings"_____Moccasins
"This is the Beginning of the End"
Field Day

The Perfect Senior's Appearance



The Perfect Senior's Character

Audrey's sympathy
Benn's self-confidence
Joan's steadfastness
Sara's "foursquareness"
Gertrude's straightforwardness
Alda's dependability
Peggy's practicability
Sarah's evenness
Henrietta's appreciation
Ruth's placidity
Lucia's meticulosity
Ruth Ann's sincerity
Evelyn's effervescence
Betsy's honesty

Jus' Us . . . . . .

Name	Characteristic	Besetting Sin	Trade Mark
Audrey Ames	brownie	punctuation	AMA
Benn Edney	velvet	temper	"toupé"
Joan Ferrey	mother	calories	sweater pins
Sara Hendrix	"true-blue"	Navy	smile
Gertrude Henry	North Carolinian	whistling	voice
Alda Heykoop	Eskimo	stubbornness	stride
Peggy Lees	squirrel	talkativeness	pearl wishbone
Sarah Lenox	cameo	worry	autumn
Henrietta Millner	"cluck! cluck!"	pouting	Atlanta
Ruth McCann	Scottie	slowness	eyebrows
Lucia Vallejo	still waters	absent-mindedness	hands
Ann Wallace	pixie	tardiness	saddle oxfords
Evelyn Willoughby	"open spaces"	chewing gum	tan
Betsy Winn	chuckle! chuckle!	Dewey	sweaters

Will Probably Be	Could Never Be	Pet Aversion	Admired For
Charlie McCarthy	Lauren Bacall	dramatic people	naturalness
Mrs. Astorbilt	school teacher	discordant voices	generosity
Frances Perkins	hypochondriac	Dewey	geniality
Mrs. Mac	Gracie Allen	fickleness	stability
Mrs. Mac	soprano	c. cliques	frankness
technician	Vera Zorina	critical people	capability
"vierge martyr"	Sphinx	making up her mind	cheerfulness
interior decorator	Eleanor	jealousy	neatness
Pathé News	glamazon	keyhole personalities	cooperation
cartoonist	Walter Winchell	bragging	calmness
scientist	Carmen Miranda	sarcasm	courtesy
designer	mortician	haughtiness	talent
an actress	Bette Davis	basketball	adaptability
woman president	president	mosquitoes	versatility

Deliver Us From—

bond rallies

Bella's hat

patron bills

the third murderer

glory holes

Audrey's puns

debates

A-a-a-a-a-k

rummage sales

Joan's sox

Friday morning reports

Dewey buttons

class arguments

blitzkriegs

single topics

H_2O_2 pompadours

"boy next door"

army bugle

constitution

tsch! tsch!

"One Meat Ball"

Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!

Triste? Si!

Umbo lorlie

"Melcher"

the Irish in Modern History

unanswered telegrams

"National Barn Dance"

bubbles

Deliver To Us

VAN JOHNSON . . . . . plis!

"Daffynitions"

Tureen . . . a feminine tourist
Dogmatic . . . the upper floor of a doghouse
Usurper . . . what you sing for
Vitamin . . . what you do when a friend knocks at the door
Classify . . . an insect that lives on Park Avenue
Poodle . . . something left after a rain
Macaroni . . . the man who invented wireless
Roadster . . . an instrument for whipping up the highway
Finger nail . . . similar to a thumb tack
Hong-Kong . . . sound on an automobile horn
Illegal . . . a sick bird
Upon . . . usually found on all humor pages
Parrot . . . a robber on the high seas
Union Pacific . . . an organization for peace
Nitrate . . . fee for a night letter or any other blackmail
Triplet . . . a short journey
Temporary . . . where "It's a Long Way to Go"
Elastic . . . what a clock gives just before it stops
Western Union . . . a cowboy organization
Germination . . . where the microbes live

Puff and Tuff

Now Puff and Tuff were little cats,
And oh so soft and white!
They played for hours at a time
And often late at night.

The months passed by and how they grew
To lovely Persian cats.
Indeed they were a handsome pair
And very much attached.

And then at lunch dear Puff was gone;
Poor Tuff searched all the day.
He couldn't eat or sleep for hours,
But by her cushion lay.

The hush of night had come once more.
Tuff heard some little "mews."
He rushed at once up to the door
And Puff, his love, had news—
Kittens!

BETSY WINN, '45.

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